

TRAVELLER'S REGISTER.

CLEVELAND, LORAIN & WHEELING RAILROAD.

In effect June 2, 1889.

North. No. 2 6:00 a. m. South. No. 5 6:00 a. m.
No. 4 8:00 a. m. No. 6 10:00 a. m.
No. 8 12:00 p. m. No. 7 12:00 p. m.
Local 8:30 a. m. Local 2 10:00 p. m.

Trains 1, 2, 3 and 4 are daily.

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE RAILWAY.

North. No. 4 8:20 a. m. South. No. 3 7:00 a. m.
No. 6 10:00 a. m. No. 5 10:00 a. m.
No. 8 12:00 p. m. No. 7 12:00 p. m.
Local 8:30 a. m. Local 2 10:00 p. m.

In effect June 9th at noon.

PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO.

GOING EAST.

No. 10 8:00 a. m. Daily. No. 2 9:00 a. m.
No. 12 10:00 a. m. Daily. No. 4 11:00 a. m.
No. 14 12:00 p. m. Daily. No. 6 1:00 p. m.
No. 16 2:00 p. m. Daily. No. 8 3:00 p. m.
No. 18 4:00 p. m. Daily. No. 10 5:00 p. m.

Local 8:20 a. m.

CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS.

Mount Vernon and Panhandle Route at Orrville.

North. No. 25 Express 10:10 p. m. South. No. 26 Express 10:30 p. m.

No. 27 Express 10:40 p. m. No. 28 Express 10:50 p. m.

No. 29 Express 11:00 p. m. No. 30 Express 11:10 p. m.

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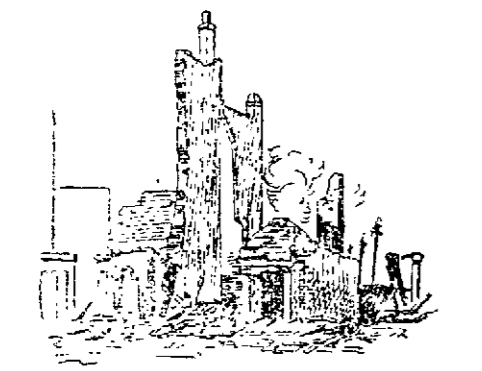
THAT BIG SEATTLE FIRE.

IT MAY WELL BE TERMED A CON-
FLAGRATION.

Terrible Work of the Flames as Shown by the Camera—The Losses May Reach \$10,000,000—The Ravaged Area Patrolled by the Militia—Cause of the Great Blaze.

The fire that consumed the business district of Seattle, W. T., may well be termed a conflagration. The city, with the exception of the residence quarter, which is situated on the heights overlooking the harbor, was obliterated as completely, if not as suddenly, by the flames, as were the towns in the Conemaugh Valley by the flood.

The building in which the fire originated was a type of the structures that were very common in the business center of Seattle. It was one of a row of wooden stores joined together and of varying height. Interspersed among such frame buildings, however, there were many large and substantial edifices, some of which reflected great credit upon the place.



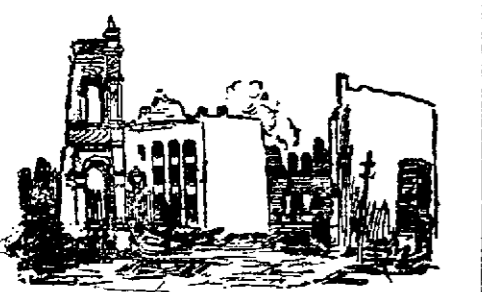
RUINS OF OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

When the fire began a strong wind was blowing from the northwest. The roofs of the wooden structures were almost as dry as tinder, and were easily set in a blaze by burning wood. The contents of the stores in many instances were of a highly inflammable character, and the flames were constantly fed with new material.

It was soon obvious that the Volunteer fire department, although its operations were conducted with intelligent zeal and energy, was utterly unable to cope with the conflagration. The water supply was exhausted within two hours after the fire broke out, and the flames had a clean sweep. A great deal of property that had been moved at the earlier stages of the fire to places believed to be secure was burned up, so rapidly did the flames spread. Explosions of giant powder, with a view of demolishing buildings in the path of the fire and checking its progress, were of no avail.

The flames swept onward with relentless fury, leaping across street after street, and destroying block after block of stores, until a distance extending one mile north and south from the starting point was laid in ashes. The water front and everything south of Union street and west of Second street, reaching around to the gas works above Fourth street on Jackson street, were completely burned. Every bank, hotel, and place of amusement, all the principal business houses, every newspaper office, the several railroad stations, miles of wharves, all the coal bunkers, freight warehouses, and telegraph offices were consumed. The shipping at the docks escaped by dropping out into the stream.

The losses are variously estimated from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. It is impossible to get an accurate statement as yet on this point. The real estate was generally unimpaired. One prominent resident of Seattle now in the east is of the opinion that \$4,000,000 more nearly approximates the value of the property destroyed than any other figure.



LOOKING UP FIRST STREET.

However this may be, the people of Seattle are not disposed to look upon the visitation as an unmitigated calamity. The fire did not reach the residence part of the city, where its untamed progress would have left utter desolation. The blocks of cheap wooden buildings that have been swept away will be replaced by floor and more substantial structures. The lodging-house district and the slums were entirely wiped out of existence. Laborers were set to work as soon as practicable to clear away the debris, and in less than a week the people had recovered from the shock, and were laboring with renewed enthusiasm.

Considering the magnitude of the fire there was comparatively little loss of life to be deplored. It is believed that not more than five persons perished. Temporary relief was promptly supplied to the hungry and homeless by the generous citizens of Portland and Tacoma—the latter city, entirely forgetting for the moment her bitter rivalry with Seattle, sending her fire department to assist in quenching the flames. The promptitude



THE CITY IN FLAMES.

with which the country at large responded to the call for aid did much toward alleviating the distress of those who were made destitute. Since the fire the entire burned district has been under the control of the militia and a special police force, no unauthorized persons being permitted to enter the ravaged area.—Harper's Weekly.

Postal Tube for France and England.

The plan is to suspend two tubes of about three feet in diameter each by means of steel cables across the channel, forty yards above the level of the sea. They will be fixed to pillars at distances of 800 yards, and in each tube a little railway will run, with cars capable of carrying 450 pounds in weight. The cost is estimated at \$5,000,000.

How to Demagnetize a Watch.

The quickest way to demagnetize a watch is to place it for a few seconds in the solenoid of an alternating current and remove it slowly while the current is flowing.

IN THE JAWS OF A WHALE.

Remarkable Experience of an Ameri-
can Sailor in the North Pacific.

J. W. Kiesler, late commander of the United States navy, now a resident of Honesdale, Pa., tells in the Philadelphia Press the following story of the very remarkable experience of an American sailor with a whale. He says:

George Leonard, an acting master in the United States navy during the civil war, and stationed on board the gunboat Katakahi, West Gulf blockading squadron in 1863, told a story of heroism, and exhibited marks on his body that corroborated his words.

The year 1850 found Leonard, as one of the crew of the ship Enterprise, a whaler in the North Pacific. One day he was stationed in the bow of a whaleboat a long distance from the ship, with a brave crew, who had sighted a whale and made for the monster with all possible despatch.

When within proper distance, Leonard threw his harpoon, striking the fish hard and deep. In some manner the line as it was running out caught the body of one of the men in such a way as to throw him overboard.

The man suddenly sank, whereupon Leonard transferred his line to a boatman and sprang into the ocean in aid of the drowning sailor.

The whale, now maddened by his fast-flowing blood, made a rush for the boat. Remarkable and horrible to relate, Leonard's friend had managed to regain the boat, while he himself was caught by the whale between his jaws, his position being inside the monster's mouth, with nothing protruding but one of his arms. In this manner the man was in reality within the jaws of death.

The whale instantly plunged down to deep, and in the words of Leonard himself, "the fish seemed to be going down down, into eternity itself."

The imprisoned man, after all this, had not lost his presence of mind. He mustered his entire bodily strength, and he was a powerful man, actually bracing himself in such a position as to compel the fish to spread his jaws; at the same time, with the arm that was free, he grabbed the shark-knife out of its socket, cutting right and left. No sooner was there a sufficient opening made than Leonard forced his body out.

Up to the surface he swam, when, most strange to say, he found himself within an arm's length of his boat. He was saved. The marks of the whale's violence and the dents of his teeth were very plainly visible on Leonard's arms, and he was always pointed out by his fellow naval officers as "the second Jonah."

Master of New York's Grand Lodge.

John W. Vrooman, the newly elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of the state of New York, is vice president and general manager of the Herkimer bank. He is 65 years old, was born in Herkimer county, and his Dutch ancestors were among the earliest settlers near Albany. He studied law, but gave up his studies to serve in the United States army.

Subsequently he was admitted to the bar, and in 1868 was clerk of the surrogate's court in Herkimer county. He was prominently identified with Republican politics, and was honored by his selection as deputy clerk of the New York state assembly in 1876 and again in 1877.

The following year he was further honored by his selection as clerk of the state senate. This place he held for four successive terms, doing himself great credit and serving the senate most intelligently and faithfully. He then entered the banking business. He has been prominently connected with the Republican state committee for many years, and is a warm personal friend and political adviser of ex-Senator Warner Miller.

He has been a Mason since he became of age, and has held a number of important offices in the Grand Lodge. Mr. Vrooman is one of the most popular men in the state, warm and cordial in his manner, and has probably as extensive an acquaintance with public men, especially with prominent Masons, as any other member of the fraternity in the state.

Mail by Lightning.

The Electrical World, in a recent issue, describes a system of transportation which, it is suggested, is destined to revolutionize the postal service, even if it does nothing more. The inventor is John T. Williams, and a company has sufficient faith in him to contemplate the establishment of a transport line on the "protective system," as it is called, between New York city and Boston.

The basis of the system is the suction of a helix or a coil exerts on a rod of iron placed near its center. A current passed through the coil draws the bar in, and when the current is broken the bar is free to move, so that with a number of helices arranged together, and a method of making and breaking the current at the proper time, the bar may be moved continuously in any desired direction.

The proposed "plant" will consist of a single line of iron uprights extending between the post offices of the two cities. On the rail at their top a light steel car will pass between a continuous line of wire coils, forming a succession of helices, which are to be protected from the weather. Six dynamo stations between the two cities will supply the needed electric force. The model has worked to perfection, and it is believed that a speed of more than two hundred miles an hour may be made, so that a letter sent by this system from New York ought to be delivered in Boston in less than two hours.

Plant Willows.

The wisdom of planting willows has been justified during the recent floods. The government engineer in charge of the Potomac river improvements states that where willows were planted the land was protected from washing, and practically no damage was done, while in the improved lands not so protected there was great loss.

The Late Captain Ericsson.

Notice in a foreign journal that the Swedish government has decided to send a man-of-war to New York to bring home the body of Capt. Ericsson, that he may be buried at Laugbanshyttan, in Vermland, the place of his birth. It is also stated that the executors propose to present the models to the Smithsonian museum.

Strikes on the Decline.

Thus far there have been fewer strikes this year than during the same period of the past two years. Bradstreet tells us that since January there have been reported 298 strikes involving 75,110 strikers, against 386 strikes and 111,001 strikers in 1888, and 511 strikes and 112,517 strikers in 1887.

ANCIENT COUTTS' BANK.

IT WAS ESTABLISHED NEARLY TWO
HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Queen Anne Lodged Some of Her Superbuous Cash in It, as Did Alexander Pope, Pitt, Fox, Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, Dickens and Others of Note.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, June 27.—A little way down the Strand, in London, within a stone's throw of the National Gallery, there is a long and somewhat grimy looking building, with iron railings running from one end to the other. Foreigners and country cousins on a visit to London stare at it and ask, "What is it?" There is nothing on the face of it to show. There is a little narrow door, but no name on it; several windows, but they show nothing except a want of washing. A constant stream of people may be seen passing in and out, like so many bees hurrying in and out of a hive, and generally there are two or three carriages waiting. It might be taken for a workhouse, only as a rule the visitors to these establishments are not carriage people, nor are ingress and egress quite so free as appears to be the case here. It might be anything; for, as the Bluecoat school boy said to a patronizing old gentleman, in reply to the query, "Well, my little man, what might your name be?" "My name might be Beelzebub, but it isn't." If, to solve the difficulty, the aforesaid foreigners or country cousins were to ask the nearest policeman, "What is that building?" he would reply, "Coutts' bank."

They might then be informed that they were looking at one of, if not the oldest and richest banks in England, a bank which was old before joint stock banks were thought of. The oldest joint stock bank (with the exception of the Bank of England) cannot boast a longer existence than sixty years. Coutts' bank, originally founded in 1692, will, in three years from the present date, have completed 200 years of official life. It speaks wonders for the ability and integrity which have from time to time been brought to bear upon the management of the institution, that after two centuries of ceaseless activity, it not only continues to exist, but that its prosperity and renown continue to increase.

Despite its somewhat meager external appearance the interior embraces a series of spacious and even handsome offices, and the ever growing requirements of the business have caused the bank to stretch itself out at the rear, right and left, into the Adelphi and the adjacent neighborhood. It has in particular absorbed a house in James street, Adelphi, where Lord Beaconsfield and his father once resided. The lease is still extant by which the house was conveyed from Mr. Isaac Disraeli to Mr. Thomas Coutts. Another interesting document in the possession of Messrs. Coutts & Co. is the marriage certificate of George IV. and the unfortunate Mrs. Fitz-Herbert. The underground premises for the storage and safe custody of plate checks, jewelry and valuables of various descriptions, run along the entire extent of the ground occupied by the bank, and go down so many flights below the surface that it is calculated to give one a very fair notion of the bottomless pit.

Just inside the door, by the porter's lodge, stands a stalwart gentleman in blue, brave in buttons, heroic in helmet and terrible with truncheon, in short, a policeman, ready to attend to any chance visitors with larcenous tendencies for bank notes or who may wish to "try it on" with a forged check. Happily his services are not often required, although there are certain "chevaliers d'industrie" who make a specialty of watching people who leave banks with notes or gold and kindly endeavor to save them the trouble of carrying them all the way home.

Stepping on through the swinging doors we find ourselves in what is technically called "the shop." This is a large and lofty apartment, where the payment of checks, bills and other negotiable documents takes place. On the right is the counter where busy cashiers daily pay away and receive hundreds of thousands of pounds—so vast are the proportions modern banking has assumed. Going straight on we cross a bridge which connects the Strand with the Adelphi premises. Here we see a spacious room of more handsome proportions than "the shop" we have just left.

The partners sit here, and all around are doors leading to different departments where the inner work of the bank is done. At the end, is the "bank parlor," that important feature of all banking establishments, where anxious customers are, for example, informed that they can be accommodated with a loan of \$20,000, or, under more happy circumstances, inform an official of their wish to lodge that sum.

The bank parlors (for there are more than one) contain portraits of some of the former partners, the older ones being easily distinguished by their peculiar coiffure—or the want of it—men never seemed to brush their hair in those days. There is also a portrait of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who has been connected with the fortunes of the house for more than fifty years.

Perhaps the most famous of the partners was Thomas Coutts, who entered the house in the year 1761. In Chambers' Journal we read that "Thomas Coutts became the first banker in London. Great from his wealth and munificence, mingling in the highest circles, and yet never forgetting Edinburgh, which he visited on one occasion with Sir Walter Scott, his friend and kinsman, when he was complimented with the freedom of the city." Mr. Coutts had three daughters. The first married the Earl of Guildford, the second the Marquis of Bute, and the third Sir Francis Burdett. The daughter of Sir Francis Burdett was created a peeress in 1871 with the title of Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

There is also a portrait of Mr. George Robinson, who recently died at the ad-

vanced age of 94, after no less than seventy years of active service. He entered the office as a clerk in 1815, was eventually taken into partnership, and continued until almost the close of his life to take an active part in the management of the bank's affairs. Dulce et decorum est pro patria vivere, might well have been his motto.

In bygone days every house had its "sign," and Coutts' was known as "The Three Crowns." The old sign and the date of the founding of the house, "1692," still appear on the checks. The sign originated from the fact that three royal families then, as now, banked here, viz.: Those of England, France, and Belgium. Of the latter royal family Queen Anne was the first to open an account with Messrs. Coutts & Co., and her signature is still preserved in one of the ledgers. From that time all the English sovereigns have banked here. The bank numbers among its constituents the creme de la creme of the aristocracy both of England and France. Of the latter suffice it to mention such names as the Comte de Paris, the Duc de Nemours, the Duc de Alencon, etc., etc.

The list of celebrated characters who have banked here would occupy a formidable space: Alexander Pope, Pitt, Fox, Sir Walter Scott, the Duke of Wellington, Thackeray, Charles Dickens, etc., etc., have all been familiar figures in their day at 59 Strand.

All the old ledgers, beginning with the one in 1692 (with the exception of one or two, irreparably injured by damp), are still carefully preserved. The penmanship in some of them, written before the era of steel pens, is very beautiful, but rather suggests to an irreverent mind that they must have taken "all day" over it.

The bank employs 100 men, some of whom have been in the house for more than half a century, but of late years the staff has been gradually assuming a younger appearance than of yore, at least this was the opinion of one of the old customers of the bank who called in some few months ago. He said that in former days he never used to do business with anybody under 80 years of age, but now when he came and asked for £10,000, a beardless boy of 16 came forward and told him he could have it.

Coutts' adhere strongly to their old customs. One of them is the old-fashioned rule of clean shaving, dating from the time (some hundred years ago or more) when our fathers wore wigs and knee breeches, and shaved clean. This, no doubt, accounts for the particularly juvenile appearance of the younger men. There is a story current that the Comte de Paris, during a recent visit, noticed and greatly wondered at the universal absence of mustaches. Expressing his surprise to the Prince of Wales and asking the reason, the prince good humoredly replied he supposed it was to make them look innocent.

There is a large library on the premises, the gift of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Here are illustrated papers and a file of The Times, and here some of the men occasionally meet after office hours for a quiet game of chess.

Another old custom, which we may mention by way of conclusion, is that every year, some time in the afternoon or evening of the 24th of June, all the men adjourn to the luncheon room to eat strawberries, which are always provided for their delectation on that day. Nobody quite knows why, but nobody objects. ANTHONY J. GAVIN.

The Drury Lane Girl.

NEW YORK, June 27.—Parents of the Drury Lane girl? Father? A brute. Mother? A scold. Brothers? Bears. Her infancy? Scoldings. Boxed ears. Cyclones of temper from mother and elder sisters. Lugged the baby till it could walk when just able to lug herself. Home from morning till night a bedlam just within boundaries of so called sanity. Meal times the season for growling, chewing and abusing. Beef, beer and bullying.

Ran away from home, sweet home, at sweet sixteen. Found another girl. In street. Brought up just the same. Sympathized. Other girl a pioneer. Had found path leading to freedom. Path of vice. Broad and free. Room for ten abreast. Plenty of company. Plenty of excitement. Plenty of change. No limitations but capacity of purse. Trod it. Raced on it. Not by slow degrees. By quick degrees. Gone longer and longer from home. Scolded for absence. Then whipped. Sudden disappearance. All night. Search by parents. One week. Give it up. Girl in another part of London. Lost in the swarm. Population 4,000,000. Keeps shady by day. Emerges by night. Here we see her. Gone to the dogs. And gin. Exchange places with respectable sewing girl or girl out at service? Not she. Too much drudgery. Too much bawling. Compensation what? Few pounds a year. Looked on as inferior. Told to be content with station Providence has assigned her. Sees reward of virtue. Long hours of work. Wages? Sufficient to keep body and soul from falling apart.

Respectability means drudgery. Possible consumption. Probable emaciation. More or less starvation. Not for Susan. Possibly has tried it. Reward for virtue not tempting. Narrow path too hard. Straight, to be sure. Straight and monotonous. Turns into broad road. Leads to death. Concludes death by gin no worse than death by starvation. And easier. Doesn't have to work so hard in dying. Goes for liberty. Vice means liberty. Respectability means slavery. Thinks liberty is cheap. Cuts loose from world of propriety. Propriety goes out of sight. Out of sight out of mind. Reminded of it possibly at times by preacher. Missionary sent to start reform mission in her quarter. Good man, of course. But forty foot pole preaching. Sermonizes at long range. Talks to her as if he belonged to another, better and holier world. Tells her to reform. Girl resents. Cries out to preacher. "Will reform pay our room rent and buy us mutton chops?" Poser for preacher. Girls not nice. Naughty. Naughty but practical. Good man preacher. Nice. Lives up to his own light. So does girl. So do all of us. Merry and Amen. Let's pray for charity. Charity for us all. All sinned and gone astray. PRENTICE MUIFORD.

NO DUST OR DIRT. NO SMOKE OR SMELL.

ENAMELINE
AN IMPROVEMENT IN
STOVE POLISH

NEVER BURNS OR STAINS
NO BRUSH REQUIRED

PASTE
INTIN BOX.
J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., No. 10, Berwick, Me.

HOOKWAY & FOLTZ

Have in stock the largest line of
PIECE GOODSEver brought in this city, and on March 1st,
C. L. BIETZ,

Will conduct the cutting department.

Book's Cotton Root Compound—Cures
pimples, eruptions, itching, and every
kind of skin disease. Sells for 25¢ per
bottle. Prepared by F. L. L. COMPANY,
124 Westward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

For sale in Massillon by Z. T. Bally, Druggist



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village blacksmith stands,
And in a brimming basin he
Would wash his brawny hands,
But something else than water clean
His sooty palm demands.

Week in, week out, from morn till
night,
He might have rubbed, I trow,
Had I not given him a cake
Of Ivory Soap, when, lo!
Full soon those honest hands of his
Were spotless as the snow.

And when the soap escaped his grasp,
With wonder he did note
That on the water's surface dark
The cleansing bar did float,
As swims upon a turbid lake
A pearl white fairy boat.

"Thanks, thanks," said he, "my worthy
friend,
For this which thou hast brought;
No village blacksmith should forget
The facts this Ivory Soap has taught:
For hands like mine it is the best
That can be found or bought."

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory'"; they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.
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GABLE SCROLLS,
BRACKETS,

Plinth and Corner Blocks,

Door and Window Frames,

Casings and all kinds of Mouldings.

Door and Window Screens.

CONRAD, DANGLER & BROWN,

CLAY STREET. : : MASSILLON, OHIO.

COLEMAN

THE RELIABLE JEWELER

HAS AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

OPTICAL GOODS,

Spectacles and ey-Glasses in Gold, Silver, Steel, Rubber

Shell and Zylomite Frames.

WE CAN SUIT YOU.

Prices Lower than the Lowest.

Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Jewelry, clocks, Gold Pens

Musical Instruments, Etc.

COLEMAN'S 5 Erie Street.

WONDERFUL BARGAINS

IN

WALL PAPER

—AND—

WINDOW SHADES

THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY'S,

No. 20 East Main Street.

Massillon Independent.

ESTABLISHED IN 1853.

PUBLISHED BY

THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY
Independent Building,
No. 20 E. Main Street,
MASSILLON, OHIO.RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
DAILY.One Year, \$1.00
Six Months, .75
Three Months, .50One Year, \$1.00
Six Months, .75
Three Months, .50

SPECIALS OF 1000 of subjects of general and local interest are sent free of charge to the columns of this paper to advertise proper matters is urged. Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

The Independent's Telephone No. 343.

FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1889.

Regulate the drives.

Mr. M. D. Harter's keen judgment has not deserted him. He will not run for governor.

Mr. Sullivan is likely to have legal trouble in arranging his little prize fight. Mr. Sullivan should come to Massillon and take lessons.

The New York Sun is a great and grand newspaper, but when it allows its reporters to use the word "luggage" it owes its admirers an apology.

The London wool market is active and fair, but the domestic goods trade, which in the end must regulate prices, is only fairly active, at an advance of about 5 per cent. over last year.

The much abused sickly green postage stamp has got to go. The new proposals for stamps demand other colors that will not offend the high strung sensibilities of the artistic public.

The youngest inhabitant may hope to see the new road from Erie street to the Pigeon Run road completed. At the present rate of speed the citizens of to-day will not. The road was allowed last fall. Come Messrs. Commissioners, can you not hasten work a little?

Should the prize fighting case come to trial, for the first time in Ohio we shall have a decision under the law prohibiting that species of savagery. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the court-annals of the Buckeye state fail to record any such breach of peace.

By all means bring on the educational campaign. We can stand it in Stark county when we reflect that the Democratic plurality has fallen thus: 1886, 731; 1887, 367; 1888, 328. The figures are from the secretary of state's report. Canton News-Democrat, please copy.

At the last moment word comes that Captain Ricks has been commissioned United States District Judge. We do not need his life's history. We all know him. The Independent's privilege it is, to be among the first to congratulate him most heartily upon his appointment.

At last we are to have some vital statistics! Well it is high time. We have never yet known at what rate we were dying, and have suffered greatly in consequence. Other cities make regular reports which are sent abroad in scientific publications, and afford a basis for comparison.

Those who say Fowler's nomination was the result of a sort of political conspiracy are simply incapable of realizing the presence of a popular movement. The quickened pulses, flushed faces, snapping eyes, and cheers from two thousand throats at that convention did not come from the efforts of scheming politicians.

The Independent counts itself fortunate in having Robert H. Folger, Esq., as the biographer of Dr. Joseph Watson, whose worn-out body has gone to its eternal rest, leaving behind for his children's children the grand inheritance of an unclouded name, and to his friends the tender memories of a rare old gentleman. He was a representative of the race of men who toiled over the mountains in days of old, whose hearts were big and whose brains were bright. There are those here whose admiration of so strong and so striking a character as Dr. Watson, has been handed down from father to son, and to son again, and who will

ever cherish the recollection with reverential respect. With active mind and vigorous body he saw a century come and go, nor did he fail to do his share in shaping its direction.

The board of equalization of Massillon reports the increase value of real and personal property in that place for the past year as \$64,061. In Alliance for the same period the increase is \$154,442. By the way, was it not a Massillon newspaper that undertook to throw cold water on our Alliance Building and Loan Association's—Alliance Review.

Don't be foolish. Boards of equalization do not report the "increase value" of property; they merely adjust the assessors' returns. Your paragraph merely proves that either you have a better board of equalization, or a less honest lot of taxpayers. The total valuation of everything in Alliance and Mt. Union school district and corporation, according to the state auditor, is \$1,853,010. The total valuation of Massillon is \$3,189,900. The same relative difference now exists. As to your building association, which, according to your former statement, extorted from its poor patrons 25 per cent. interest, it charges only a fair rate, averaging a little over 7 per cent., the former allegation being a case of bad arithmetic—you can have the figures if you desire.

Dear Review, will you never get over drawing comparisons? Is it wholly impossible for your neighbors to publish anything without an immediate discovery that your blessed burg is immensely superior in that respect? As THE INDEPENDENT has often said, Alliance is a good town—of the unpainted variety, but it is not superior to everything on the earth and above the earth, as you would make us believe. In fact, it is very ordinary.

It has pleased Andrew Dangleheisen on several occasions since the disgraceful fight that started in his saloon, to charge this newspaper with the whole responsibility for his subsequent arrest, and to visit upon the constituted powers the awful accusation of a conspiracy to deprive him of his rights. THE INDEPENDENT is not disposed to accept the compliment Dangleheisen thrusts upon it, for however its influence may have tended, it does not believe that the officials of this city would have dared to permit such a flagrant violation of law and order to pass unnoticed, with or without the publicity attaching to the newspaper articles following.

This paper is not the self-appointed high and mighty conservator of the public morals, seeking after an unattainable perfection. It aims to reflect, and when it may by its position, to direct the opinion of the substantial people of the city. There is no wish on the part of anybody to attach to individuals any undeserved stigma, or unearned-for notoriety. Should the place known as Diamond Alley be conducted on decent principles as a result of this agitation, its proprietor would need have no fear of a continued demand for its close. But so long as its caters to all that is low, and so long as its proprietor, by threats of personal violence, by which he has made himself liable, endeavors to shut the avenue of public criticism, so long may he expect the "persecution" as he calls it, to continue.

The difference between THE INDEPENDENT and Diamond Alley is, that while THE INDEPENDENT may go wrong in trying to go right, Diamond Alley only goes right in trying to go wrong. These columns need not be disfigured by the story of all that takes place within those walls. The testimony taken in the mayor's court, although on only one line, is of itself evidence conclusive of the correctness of all that has been alleged.

The charter of the Louisiana Lottery Company is about expiring, and the question of a new charter is prominent among the politics of the state. The managers of the lottery have offered to pay the entire debt of the state, about \$12,000,000, provided they are allowed to return a fifty years' license. The thousands and thousands of poor dupes who contribute every month to swell the income of this gambling corporation will be interested in the foregoing announcement. It shows where their money goes. It has on its pay rolls most of the legislature, state officials and active politicians.—Pittsburg Post.

JOSEPH WATSON

MASSILLON'S HONORED AND OLD-EST CITIZEN

Passes Away After Nearly a Century of Useful Life, Loved by His Friends and Respected by All—The Tributes of Robert H. Folger, Esq.

Died, at his residence, corner of Prospect and North streets in this city on Saturday, the 29th day of June ult., Dr. Joseph Watson in the 92nd year of his age. A mere notice that one who has for fifty-seven years been identified with Massillon, its growth and prosperity, has passed away, would not be doing justice to one whose name and memory will ever be cherished by all who remember the great excellence of character of the subject of the above notice. I have therefore taken pains to gather up some reminiscences to put on record of one of Massillon's not only oldest but best citizens.

Dr. Watson was a native of Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, born on the 11th of the first month of 1798. My acquaintance is connected with his removal to the little hamlet of Patton, in Wayne county, in 1822, and where he opened an office as a physician and surgeon. In 1824 he was married to Mary Ann Walton, at Friend's meeting house, New Garden, Columbiana county, his widow, a son, the Hon. M. W. Watson, of Pittsburg, and several grandchildren surviving. In 1832 Dr. Watson with his family, removed to Massillon, where he has resided constantly since, identified with the growth and prosperity of the now important city; the advocate and supporter of every measure calculated to advance the interest of the hamlet, village and city in its successive developments. In the great contest with "the source of all villainies," human slavery, he was always ready with his purse and influence on the side of right; and the cause of temperance had no more earnest advocate. From his embankment in business in this city as a druggist and physician, than he. As already indicated in what has been said, Dr. Watson and his wife were members of the society of Friends commonly called Quakers, and the long have borne testimony to Friends' principles as taught by William Penn, George Fox, the gifted Robert Barclay and the other founders of the society. A long acquaintance with him authorizes the statement that he recognized fully what Emerson has described as the faith of the people called Quakers: "The noblest attributes of humanity are the same in every age and in every breast. The exalted hopes that have dignified former generations of men will be renewed as long as the human heart shall throbb. The visions of Plato are but revived in the dreams of Sir Thomas More. A spiritual unity binds together every member of the human family; and every heart contains an inextinguishable seed capable of germinating and producing, all that man can know of God and duty and the soul. An inward voice, uncreated by schools, independent of refinement, opens to the unlettered mind not less than to the polished scholar, a sure pathway into the enfranchisements of immortal truth."

When death and removals had depopulated the Kendall preparative meeting and the meeting in the large "laid down," the active religious mind of Dr. Watson could not rest without connection with the little church; the worship and articles of faith assimilated more nearly with his views being the Methodist Episcopal, he united with that church, with which his membership continued until his death. Of his business life in this city during the many stormy periods through which the city has passed, nothing need be said; nothing can be said that will illustrate the unswerving excellence of his character. Gone as he has in his final account, it may well be said of him, "He has gone forth in a full and like a stock of corn cometh forth in its season."

The path way of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

ROBERT H. FOLGER.

AARON, ANSWER.

Fred Thompson Wants to Know all About It.

Frederick Thompson is mad. He and other trustees of the A. M. E. Z. church think it high time to have the Rev. Aaron Gaiter exposed, and furnished the following statement for publication this morning: After the great body of colored people had left the little building near the glass works and affiliated elsewhere, Gaiter, in behalf of his conference, revived a dormant legal claim to the property, then and now heavily mortgaged. A board of trustees, consisting of Frederick Thompson, James Myers, Mrs. L. Holliday, Mrs. E. Thompson and John Wisdom, were chosen, and they appointed Gaiter to go out into the highways and byways to raise funds. They put in their cash and urged others to do the same. With this commission, so runs Mr. Thompson's story, Gaiter went to Alliance, Canton, and every place around, begging and borrowing with more or less success. He turned up in the city on Saturday, and the trustees asked for a reckoning. The pious man was immediately insulted. He had no money, and there's the rub. The trustees want to know, you know, what the Rev. Aaron Gaiter did with the money.

Suicide of John Heaton.

Thomas Heaton, brother of the late Captain Jacob Heaton, committed suicide by shooting last Saturday, at his home near Cincinnati. No cause given for the act. He was aged 77 years, and until recently was an active business man, always commanding great influence socially and politically. He was a warm friend and an ardent admirer of the late Salmon P. Chase, the great secretary of the United States treasury during the war. In later days Mr. Heaton met with

some financial losses, but it was, probably, other troubles that disturbed his mind. Two of his sons, a few years ago—one in New York and the other at Yale college—both bright and promising came to tragic ends. Their untimely death always weighed heavily on the life of the father, and greatly depressed his spirits.—Salina Republican.

WATER WORKS WANTED

OR THE MODEST SUM OF \$25,000.

The Ohio Canal Commission Asserts Alleged Dormant Rights, and Will Soon be Here to Settle.

The article below is in to day's Cleveland Leader, and is in some respects very faulty. Sippo lake proper is a natural body of water, and should not be confounded with that ancient reservoir. It was always supposed that the late Marshall Wellman bought the old property, at any rate the city of Massillon never owned or pretended to own an acre of it. The Water Company is, however, very directly interested.

Canton, July 1.—The State Canal Commission has decided to go to Massillon on Thursday to consult with the authorities of that city concerning the ownership of the land covered by the waters of Sippo lake and adjacent territory. Sippo lake is an artificial body of water, a part of the water works system of Massillon. There is an interesting history connected with its construction. The lake is formed by building a dam across a valley, through which Sippo creek runs. The dam is built between the spurs of two hills, and is similar in many respects to the famed dam at South Fork reservoir, which caused the disaster at Johnstown. Its construction was authorized in 1845, and a contract let to a rolling mill company for \$5,000 and a perpetual water privilege. The work was completed in 1846, and after the lapse of several years the contractors disposed of the water privilege to a private individual. The object of building the reservoir was to supply a feeder to the Ohio canal, and it was used for this purpose until 1853, when a crisis was reached. The citizens in that vicinity became possessed with the idea that the reservoir was a nuisance, and proceeded to demolish it. The bank was filled with powder, and all preparations made for its destruction. At the appointed time a horseman was placed near by to warn the people below of the coming deluge. The explosion was a success, and the Paul Revere started on his ride ahead of the flood to give the alarm. His animal, though fleet-footed, was unequal to the task, and the flood, to save himself took to the hills, and the great mass of water descended upon the unsuspecting people. The result was not disastrous, the only damage being the wrecking of two or three buildings. Sometime after this occurrence the people concluded they were mistaken as to the reservoir being a nuisance. Its supply came from a live stream and the water is pure and healthful. The dam was rebuilt and today Sippo lake is a part of Massillon's water works system. Some of the very accommodating boards of public works built a culvert under the canal to carry off the water so that it would not interfere with the lake, which, instead of being used for the purpose originally intended, was in the future to be diverted from the state to the city.

The canal commission has made a complete search of the records, finding what is regarded as indisputable evidence that the six hundred acres or more of land covered by the reservoir belonged to the state. The land was purchased by the state from private individuals prior to the construction of the reservoir in 1845, at an average cost of about thirty dollars an acre. For some of the choicest tracts \$37.50 an acre was paid. The deeds from the original owners to the state have been found and there is no record that at least one has been discovered showing that the title has passed out of the state. The city has, from the records so far discovered been enjoying the use of the property without right or title and without paying a cent in the shape of rentals for the privilege. The land is probably worth \$25,000 to-day.

The commission will endeavor to make an amicable settlement with the city authorities on their visit, if such a thing is possible under the circumstances. They will also look over the premises and obtain what proportion of the land is covered with the water of the lake.

The Neighborhood Press.

No one will give the Republican ticket more loyal support than Senator Conrad.—Canton Repository.

Charles Rider, the Democratic candidate for sheriff, was in town Thursday fixing up his forces.—Fulton Signal. Send him down this way. Fences here need to be staked and ridged.—Neville Independent.

Fearful and Wonderful

The Bible says, "man is fearfully and wonderfully made." But physiologists all concede that the most wonderful portion of man is the nervous system. In it are located the seats of life and mind, and the control of all the bodily organs. When the nerves are destroyed, the part is paralyzed. The flesh, blood and bones are as nothing to it. Derangement of the brain or nerves are causes of headache, fits, dizziness, fluttering of the heart, sexual weakness, sleeplessness, neuralgia cold hands and feet. A free trial bottle of Dr. Miles' Nervine—the best and most successful cure for all these diseases may be had at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store.

Dr. Austin Flint, late professor in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Fellow of New York Academy of medicine, member of the state medical societies of New York, Virginia, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, etc., says in speaking of Bright's disease, or advanced kidney disease, "The minor effects are headache, loss of vision, impaired hearing, involuntary muscular twitching, cramps, drowsiness vomiting and diarrhoea." These are but some of the common symptoms of this malady, which accounts for Warner's Safe Cure curing so many diseases (so-called) which are not diseases, but are symptoms of advanced kidney disorders.

Are you weak and weary, overworked and tired? Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to purify your blood and give you strength.

ROUNDS OF PLEASURE.

FASHIONABLE LONDON WILD OVER THE SHAH'S VISIT.

Gorgeous Preparations Made—The Prince of Wales Personally Interested in the Details—The Queen Issues Private Invitations—Patrick O'Brien Roughly Handled by the Police and is in a Critical Condition.

LONDON, July 1.—Fashionable London has nothing to think of today but the gorgeous preparations which are being pushed forward for the reception of the Shah, who arrives this evening. The Prince of Wales, upon whom, very largely, rests the responsibility for the care of the imperial visitor while in England, has personally interested himself in all the details, and the grandeur and extent of the preparations for the reception are due very largely to his individual efforts. The prince departs for Sheerness at noon today on a richly decorated steamer, to receive the Shah and conduct him in state to Buckingham palace, which has been most elaborately fitted up for the use of the royal visitor and his suite. Tuesday the Shah will lunch with the queen at Windsor castle, and Wednesday with the Lord Mayor and corporation of London. On Thursday he will attend a garden party at Marlborough house at which the queen will be present. On this occasion Mr. Lincoln, the American minister, will meet the Shah. Friday there will be a state reception at Albert Hall, at which all the guests will be required to wear court dresses and uniforms.

The Shah and the Queen.

The Shah has accepted the Queen's private invitations and also those of Lord and Lady Cadogan, who will entertain him at Chelsea house. The banker, Sassoon, and Mr. Sassoon will give him a luncheon at the Empire theatre, at which only members of the blood royal and sixty others will be present. The preparations for this affair are on a scale of magnificence never equalled in England, and Mr. Sassoon, when it is all over, will have to draw his check for \$5,000 for the expenses. The Shah will also be entertained by Lord Rosebery in Berkeley square, by Lord Salisbury at Hatfield, by Lord Brownlow, at Ashridge, by Mr. Alfred De Rothschild at Hatton, near Tring, and by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddleson Manor, near Aylesbury. The Rothschilds have, besides, undertaken to supply the floral decorations at Albert hall and the Empire theatre. The interiors are to be luxuriously covered with roses and they will spend £2,000 for this purpose alone.

Americans Want to See the Shah.

Americans are besieging Mr. Lincoln for invitations to the various fashionable entertainments to which he has the entrée, but he is unable to satisfy more than a fraction of the demands made upon him. Hundreds are compelled to go away disappointed. Americans appear to be specially anxious for a chance to meet the Shah, but necessarily many will have to curb their ambition.

LONDON, July 1.—Notwithstanding the prominence which counsel on both sides secured in the Chetwynd-Durham trial their bills for services have not been appreciably lightened on that account. The costs to each of the litigants amount to £10,000.

A Costly Fire.

BERLIN, July 1.—A fire which started in a carpenter's workshop in Linsenger, in Hannover, yesterday, destroyed thirty-six buildings, including several factories with valuable machinery, and burned the roof of St. Nicholas' church. Over 600 people are thrown out of work. The loss is estimated at 12,000,000 marks.

Balloons Have a Narrow Escape.

PARIS, July 1.—A balloon ascending on the expositions grounds became entangled in a projection of the machinery gallery. The car which contained three persons became detached and fell to the ground, killing one of the occupants outright, and so severely injuring the other two that they may die.

Later.—The man who fell from the balloon and was supposed to have been killed will recover. His name is Mayer. The other two men clung to the scaffolding of the machinery gallery and were finally rescued without serious injury.

Starts With a Capital of \$1,500,000.

BOSTON, June 29.—A Herald special from the City of Mexico says: The Bank of London, Mexico and South America, which is a branch of the institution of the same name in London, has been reorganized and on Monday will begin business as a purely Mexican institution with a capital of \$1,500,000. Mexican capitalists took \$500,000 of the capital stock and the remaining million was subscribed in London. President Diaz and Minister of Finance Dublan have aided in the establishment of the reorganized bank.

A Wife Deserter Killed.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., July 3.—George Messner, about 21 years of age, a resident of this city, deserted his wife about two weeks ago and disappeared. It was subsequently ascertained that he had started for Pittsburg, where he was to join a friend, and they were to go west together. Messner did not arrive in Pittsburg, and his friends came to Pottsville and found that Messner had started for Pittsburg several days before. Messner's father saw an account of the railway accident at Latrobe, and of the burying of two unknown men. He telegraphed a description of his son to the railroad officials, and they said the description answered to that of one of the unknown men that had been killed and buried. The remains of young Messner will be disinterred and brought to Pottsville for burial.

American Wife Rescued.

HAGERSTOWN, Md., July 3.—The tenth annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen was begun Tuesday morning. At the business session the following programme was given: "Light and privileges of wheelmen in cities and on the road." "Improvement of highways and condition of road." "Accidents and their causes." "Our constitution and by-laws—the scope and development of the laws and the advantages of league clubs." "Roads and transportation." "Wheels and their appurtenances from the practical rider's standpoint." A meeting of chief consuls was held and uniforms and their manufacture and the establishing of state and division official organs, etc., were discussed. Up to noon 825 league members had registered. The rain interfered materially with outdoor sports.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Shah's Arrival—Discussing the Cork Riots—Americans the Guests of Royalty.

LONDON, July 2.—The Shah of Persia arrived yesterday morning in the Thames and was transferred from the steamship to the royal barge and conveyed to the speaker's steps at Westminster, where he was met by the Prince of Wales, Earl Rosebery, Earl Cadogan, Sir Drummond Wolfe, British ambassador to Persia, and other distinguished persons. The party were then taken in state carriages to Buckingham palace, where the Shah will have apartments during his stay in London.

The programme of entertainment arranged for the Shah include a reception to foreign diplomats, including Mr. Lincoln, the American minister; a performance at Covent Garden opera house this evening and a state ball at the palace Wednesday evening. Thursday the Shah leaves for Hatfield, to be the guest for several days of Lord Salisbury.

The Shah seems pleased with his reception, though no great enthusiasm was manifested.

Discussing the Riots.

LONDON, July 2.—In the house of commons last evening Mr. Thomas Sexton made a motion to adjourn, and delivered a speech in which he spoke in unmeasured criticism of the action of the government officials in precipitating riot and bloodshed at Cork on Sunday. He challenged the ministers to attempt some adequate explanation of their conduct, and spoke of "the events in Cork as the most disgraceful and the most disgraceful that had occurred even under the present regime of force and brutality."

Mr. John L. Redmond also spoke, and in a strong language speech accused the government of promoting bloodshed and exciting violence to further their own unwise purposes.

Mr. John L. Redmond, Conservative member for London market, defended the action of the Cork officials.

Mr. Gladstone stated that the government had not replied to the most serious allegations which had been made against them, and that which he regarded the fullest explanation. They could not by such ill-considered violence hope to stifle inquiry into a question in which the people were determined to have the full information, or that they must not complain, therefore, if the matter is raised again.

Mr. Gladstone to defend the action of the government. The gentlemen on the other side, he said, persisted in speaking as though the events in Cork yesterday constituted a conviction of the government on every charge which it was possible for the untrammelled imagination of a malignant and unreasoning opposition to hurl at them. As a matter of fact he denied that those events furnished even a prima facie case against the government. He was quite as anxious as the gentlemen on the other side could possibly be to avoid such scenes as those of which the gentlemen complain, but they ought not to expect that the government should become a silent and disinterested spectator of performances which constituted a defiance of the law and of the courts of justice, even though the chief actors in those performances were members of parliament. The honorable member who was arrested at court yesterday was arrested while openly endeavoring to obstruct the legitimate work of the police officials. The sole responsibility for the disturbances must be placed upon the leaders of the mob, one of whom was the member now under arrest.

On a division the motion to adjourn was rejected by a vote of 122 to 125.

Fast Freight Car Speeded.

Speedy Progress in the Police Court. LANCING, July 3.—Lancet information from the week which covered near this city was given by the number of killed in accidents, and the wounded as follows:

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won for it a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than in all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors have pronounced it a local disease, and have been endeavoring to cure with local remedies, and by so doing, have done little harm, and by so doing, have done little good. Science has proved to be a constant source of error. Catarrh requires constitutional treatment. Hood's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by Dr. J. C. Sherry & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a tea-spoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for anyone who fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

An Invariable Sign.

Swelling of the ankles or feet when not due to rheumatism, Prof. Dr. Cheney says is always caused by a weak or diseased heart. So is shortness of breath, pain or uneasiness when lying on the left side, and heart palpitations. The only cure is Dr. Allen's New Cure. Sold at Z. T. Baltzly's.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

WASHINGTON CUSTOMS.

THINGS WHICH DISTINGUISH IT FROM OTHER CITIES.

It May Perhaps Be Said to Possess More of These Than Any Other American City, and Mr. Wellman Describes a Few of Them.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, June 27.—Every city has characteristics of people or customs which distinguish it from other cities. Perhaps Washington has a greater number of such peculiarities than any other American city, and these traits, which here seem local, are really of great general interest from the fact that they are really national traits, this being, in its traditions, persons and habits, the one town fully representative of American people and customs. Indeed, a peculiarity of Washington is that its population has been drawn from all the states and territories of the country. Not one is unrepresented or inadequately represented in the great office holding class here.



It sometimes seems as if there is nobody in Washington that was born here; that everybody is from New York, or New England, Ohio, Virginia, the Gulf states, the west or the coast. But of course Washington has its natives, and here arises another peculiarity of the town—this old resident class holding somewhat aloof socially from the mere transients who come and go with the mutations of politics. Many of these old residents regard themselves as the genuine aristocracy of the capital, and perhaps they are, but it is an aristocracy of tradesmen and professional backs and beasts of prey.

A striking characteristic of the Federal City is the determined and industrious manner in which the natives "live off" their visitors. Washington cares very little which party wins the presidency, so the new administrations which come in every four or eight years bring men of money to be plucked. For the man of money who comes into Washington for a sojourn of a month or a year or more a score of leeches lie in wait. If he remains but a day or two the hotels, which are like those of Jersey City, with New York prices, get much the best chance at him, though ably assisted by the cabman, the waiter, the barber and pretty much everybody else with whom he comes in contact. Tipping is here almost European, and if one wants anything to eat in a hotel or restaurant, or decent treatment in a barber shop, he would better be generous with his quarters.

The man who stays a considerable time in Washington is likely to run foul of the real estate sharp, the house agent, the furniture dealer or the horde of tradesmen. In the colony of transients Washington tradesmen are known as "robbers," though this offensive word should not be too literally construed. The Washington tradesman is honest, but peculiar. He is old foggy generally. Often he is indifferent about selling goods. He sits in the front of his store and doesn't rise from his chair till you have made known your wants. Then he rises rather reluctantly, and moves slowly after he is up, as much as to say you are putting him to a good deal of bother.

Sometimes, indeed frequently, he doesn't keep the article you want, and in such cases he appears to be delighted. It saves him the trouble of getting up. Nor will he give you any explanation of his failure to keep in stock the article you seek. All he will say is, "We've never kept it." And he never will keep it, for after the average Washington tradesman gets into a rut of keeping certain things, or not keeping them—particularly the latter—he is sure to stay in the rut.

In a large stationery store on the avenue I asked for mullage. "We don't keep it." "Why?"

"Don't know. Only, we've never handled it. But I can give you a bottle of glue."

If you want your purchases delivered at home you must give the Washington tradesman plenty of time. He will take it anyway, whether you give it to him or not. "This afternoon" of Monday invariably means Wednesday morning. A grocer's clerk actually told me they would deliver stuff for my dinner "if it didn't rain so the wagon couldn't go out." Persons who have lived here many years say they never yet had anything delivered to them at the time promised.

As to prices, the Washington tradesman is inexplicable. The only known quantity is the largeness of his charge. It all depends upon the haste in which a man is to get rich. In a men's furnishing store I bought a wool and silk shirt for \$1.30. Next door, a few minutes later, I saw a shirt of same materials, pattern and make marked \$3.50.

"Why do you sell a dollar cheaper than your neighbor?" I asked this dealer. "My neighbor says it is because I am a fool. I say it is because I am not one of the robbers."

Perhaps the long, wide, lazy avenue is Washington's most perfectly typical feature. The street cars move very slowly, and stop anywhere and everywhere. These are the most accommodating street cars on earth. When a customer is ready to leave a store a clerk is sent out to hail

a street car, and the car stops and waits while the customer rather leisurely makes her way out the front door and to the middle of the wide street. On a busy shopping day a good walker can beat a street car from the treasury to the Capitol.

The life of the avenue is the bicycle. It is seen everywhere, and the wheelmen appear to be the only persons who are in a hurry. There is nobody in the throngs of pedestrians who hasn't leisure enough to enable him to lounge in front of the show windows. And what a leisurely, lazy crowd that is which pours out of the departments at 4 p. m. of a warm summer afternoon and saunters down the principal thoroughfare!

Government clerks are almost as lazy as the negroes, though they do not do their sleeping in public, as do the happy sons of Africa. Every block or two along the streets one comes upon a sleeping dandy. The bootblack sleeps in his own chair, and the customer wakes him up with some difficulty. It is a fact that in front of Willard's hotel two boot-blacks, rivals in winter, form a pool in hot weather, the terms of the compact being that while one sleeps the other shall be on guard, with receipts divided. Colored waiters go to sleep while standing behind your chair trying to keep the flies away. Washington people, by the way, are fond of flies. Not one house in a dozen is fitted with screens, and the fly population is extraordinarily large. In fact, it is no strain of the truth to say that there are flies on this town.

People from the north and west look very curiously on the colored people of this city—their quaint dress, the grizzled old men and fat old mammys. Here the negroes go to all sorts of extremes. One second you meet a wretched old wench with bare feet and a ragged gown. A few steps more and you are face to face with one or two couples of gayly dressed young people, the black youths with patent leather shoes and big canes, and the black girls with La Tosca sticks and yellow slippers. But on hot afternoons the sleeping capacity of the Washington colored man is one of the most picturesque features of the town.

All the parks are full of colored men and women, most of them asleep. Even the drivers of carts and wagons snore on their seats while the horses amble lazily along. A peculiarity of the colored man is that he cannot sleep standing on his feet, as a white man can. But he can sleep in all the other attitudes known to the human frame.

The only white man I remember to have seen asleep in public was an office seeker who has remained so long in Washington that his exchequer is exhausted and he literally has not place to lay his head. He was seen the other afternoon leaning his broad back against the portico of the Riggs house, sound asleep and dreaming, perchance, of salary day in the treasury. It is more than likely he tells his friends he "lodges at the Riggs."

The scenes at the hotels are also characteristic of Washington. One always finds lazy, seemingly aimless crowds in the rotundas or sitting out in front in the cool of the evening. Hotels everywhere have plenty of loungers about, but these Washington hotel loafers are unlike those of any other city. They are place hunters, second rate politicians, old pensioners, "the judge and the major." Very wise men are they all, who have in their day won great battles, military and political; but do not imagine they are guests of the hotel at which they assemble to exchange confidences. The majority of them sleep in back rooms, third floor, and take their meals at the cheap restaurants.

About one-fourth of the population of Washington lives in hotels and boarding houses. All the servants are colored, the white girls and boys working in the departments and the government printing office. Many of the mechanics are negroes, for here, as in the south, colored boys are given a chance to learn trades. Carpentry and other skilled work is taught them in the public schools, and white brick masons and blacksmiths and plasterers work alongside colored men without prejudice.

There are negro quarters of the city, but the colored population is by no means confined to these. On M, N, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth and many other thoroughfares in the aristocratic north-



west fine stone houses have for next door neighbors little white washed shanties occupied by colored people. Even Connecticut avenue has its negro shanties, a number of them within a stone's throw of President Harrison's church and the British legation. If Washington did not have so many wide streets and avenues its 200,000 population would not spread over as much ground as New York occupies, for a queer notion has sprung up here that an economical building lot is one that is no larger than the house to be built on it. A large majority of new houses are without yards or lawns, and not a few of the middle class of house owners have sold from the rear ends of their lots what are called "alley lots." There are capitalists who make a practice of buying little narrow strips on both sides of an alley and building thereon rows of cheap brick tenements to rent to colored people. Many of these alley investments are paying from 10 to 15 per cent. returns per year.

WALTER WELLMAN.

A QUEER LONDON SIGHT.

How People of All Grades Enjoy an Occasional Harmless Street Dance. [Special Correspondence.]

LONDON, June 10.—The strangest sight that I have come across in London is one that I don't think could be duplicated anywhere in the world, and you will see it every fair evening in nearly all parts of London, from Rag Fair to Regent's park, and in fact in almost every street. About sundown, as the stores and business houses begin to close, the hand organs are out in full force, and no policeman hustles them along or otherwise ill treats them, and they stand along by the smoothest stretch of pavement they can find and begin to play. They all play one tune. It is a sort of jig tune or country dance and quite catching.

Hardly will the man start the crank when you will see the nearest four persons stop and begin to dance a rather pretty and quite complicated step, and then they will take hold of hands by twos, advance, retreat, cross over and balance, all in perfect time and with evident enjoyment.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the people who dance are utter strangers to each other, and they are for the most part respectable people, clerks, shop girls, milliners, etc., and often I have seen women dance with little babies in their arms. Sometimes there will be three or four "sets" dancing together, but more often only one. Few stop to look, as the sight is so common.

It appears as if this was a recognized custom, and that it was quite proper, for it excited no comment, and as soon as the four had danced out their figure they went their way with scant ceremony in the way of leaving taking. It was but a bit of harmless amusement, and no one thought it in any way wrong, neither dancers nor spectators, and no one presumed upon the fact of dancing as a *vis-a-vis* to try to force a further acquaintance.

Sometimes the dancers would be all girls; often quite elderly persons, both men and women, and they would each and all fall into a set at once without the slightest ceremony and dance with a vim and gusto that only equalled their grace, for the dance is very pretty and graceful.

One evening, just before dark, I had been a short distance to post some letters, and on my way back came to where a man was playing the familiar tune, and there were three girls all impatiently tapping their feet. I saw that they expected me to join, and hurried by, looking about for acquaintances; and seeing none, I joined them, but the step was beyond my power, and I had to give it up.

I know Lady H.—(Mary Duffin-Hardy), who is well known in America, and she and her pretty daughter danced four or five "figures," as they called them, with a couple of shop girls right in Oxford street one evening, after which they entered their carriage and drove away. Another time I saw a jolly faced old Englishman, a real type of the English gentleman as we read of him, take his place and dance with pleasure within a stone's throw of the British museum.

Afterward I saw him in Westminster, where he was pointed out to me as a prominent member of parliament (MacDonald Cameron). I should not be a bit astonished to know that his royal highness and perhaps her royal highness joined in one of these innocent sidewalk dances, and, in fact, I feel sure that his royal highness has. But imagine, will you, a Fifth avenue girl dancing on the sidewalk with the first person she meets to the music of a hand organ! The skies might fall, but that would never happen, and yet it is a harmless amusement and a little pleasure in ugly London.

MARY BRENNAN.

He "Come Out Well." Most readers of stories like to have the characters "come out well" and the good deeds rewarded, perhaps because gratitude is more common than ingratitude in real life, the pessimists to the contrary notwithstanding. It is even more gratifying to read of one of these actual occurrences, an account of one of which comes from Aroostook county. Years ago, reports an exchange, Mr. Shepherd Boody, then a prosperous citizen of Oldtown, took from the town a motherless infant boy, cared for him and sent him to school. Twenty-five years ago this boy went away from home and was not heard from for twenty years. Meanwhile Mr. Boody, who had moved to Hersey, had lost his property and was sick and nearly penniless. The boy whom he had befriended, now a prosperous mechanic, hearing of his misfortunes, came to his aid, and for the last six years has sent frequent remittances and in other ways cared for his benefactor, even to searching out and rewarding those who had been kind to the old gentleman in his misfortune.—Lewiston Journal.

The Young Folks' Friend.

A pleasant faced old gentleman, who looks as if he had forgotten as much as some people know about editing newspapers, comes over from the peaceful shades of Newark now and then to mingle in the busy metropolitan whirl of which he was once an important figure. He is Noga Brooks, long time an editor of the Tribune, a conspicuous journalist in San Francisco during vigilante times and one of the most popular writers for children who wield quills today. Mr. Brooks is a tall, well built man; his white hair has thinned out on top, his eyes keep their light, and his short, white side whiskers and mustache give him a venerable appearance. He is well over sixty and carries his age "like a major." As editor of The Newark Advertiser Mr. Brooks continues the active intellectual "work which has characterized his life. He has given that journal—one of the oldest in the country, by the way—a standing it was unlikely to get otherwise. Besides, in St. Nicholas and such periodicals, where one looks for the lighter touch and the finer fancies, his name is always welcome, not only to the editors, but to hundreds of the little ones who have learned to look forward with eagerness to his stories for children.—New York World.

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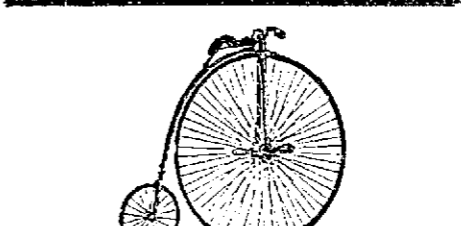
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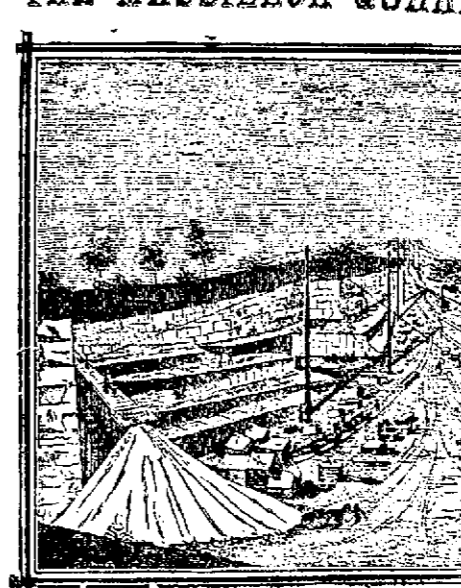


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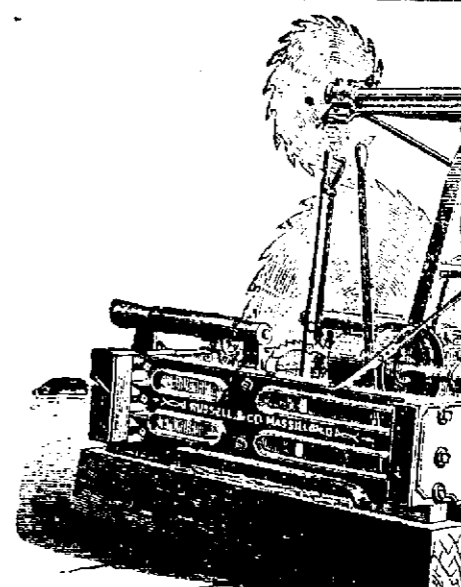


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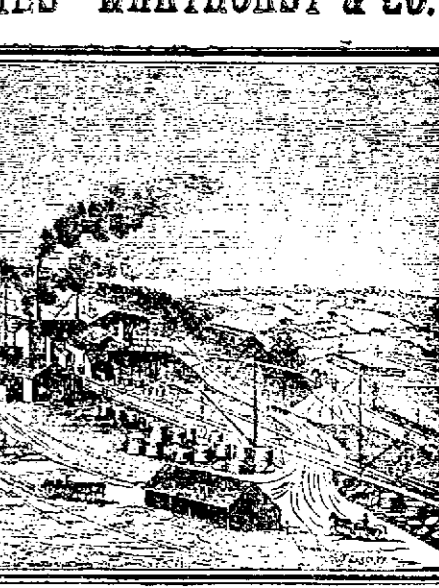
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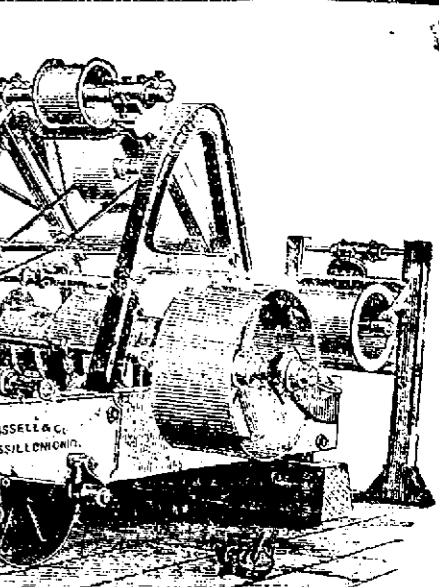
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